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INTRODUCTION.

The Zulu Mission is in Natal, a British colony, on the southeast coast of Africa, about a thousand miles northeast of the Cape of Good Hope, latitude 30° south.

The first missionaries from the American Board went out in December, 1834, arriving in 1835, but owing to wars in the country between the natives and the boers, or Dutch settlers, the missions were broken up, and the missionaries subjected to great trials and hardships.

The present stations have been established since 1844, and number eleven, beside "out-stations" occupied by native preachers. These are scattered along the coast, most of them being about twenty miles from each other, and five to fifteen miles from the ocean.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd went out in 1862, arriving in Natal in December, and spent a few months at Amanzimtote.

The next summer they removed to Umvoti, one of the more northern stations, occupied by Mr. Grout, one of the oldest missionaries in Natal.

Mr. Lloyd died at Umvoti in February, 1865.

As soon as she could speak the language, Mrs. Lloyd took a class in the Sabbath-school, and gave all the time she could spare to visiting among the

people and teaching them. Early in 1865 she commenced an evening-school for a class of young men, wagon-drivers and others, who were at work during the day, and had very little time to learn. As they became interested, she also taught them in Bible-classes on Sunday. The numbers increased, and in a short time the more advanced, who had learned to read before she began to teach them, were able also to take Bible-classes of the more ignorant.

The following letters and sketches by Mrs. Lloyd have been circulated, to some extent, among her friends, and are now printed for PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION, to save the great labor of transcribing. *Mrs. Lloyd has expressly prohibited the* publication *of her letters, except in cases where she has sent them to newspapers, and it is hoped that all into whose hands these pages may fall will religiously respect her prohibition.*

They are necessarily fragmentary, written in a hurried manner, in the midst of most pressing work, while the habitual use of the Zulu language leads to a frequent disregard of English idioms. They give a passing view of various impressions during five years of missionary life.

Several heathen schools have been established in the vicinity of Umvoti, taught by former pupils of Mrs. Lloyd.

The latest estimate of numbers in preparation for Christmas, 1867, was—

Heathen schools, 200; Station children, 150; Young men, 120; Young women, 30—Total, 500.

The great number of young men in proportion to the women is owing to the fact that many have come to the station to receive instruction, and can be, in a degree, educated while supporting themselves by their labor.

The natives have gardens, and also raise corn and sugar-cane. There is a sugar-mill at Umvoti, so that the cane is manufactured on the spot.

It is a proof of the zeal of these young men, that, after working from six A.M. till six P.M. every day, they go to school in the evening from seven till half-past nine o'clock.

On Sundays they have most interesting Bible-classes. Twelve of those who have been under instruction for the last three years are teaching or preaching, either in the vicinity of Umvoti, or at more distant points.

The aim is to raise up an efficient corps of native teachers and preachers; but more missionaries are needed, educated men and women, to guide and direct the whole movement. As yet there is no Zulu literature, and the whole Bible is not translated. But the work goes on. *How* it shall go on depends upon the response to the appeals for help.

Those who wish further information are referred to a "Historical Sketch of the Zulu Mission," a small pamphlet published by the American Board of Foreign Missions at Boston.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

ZULUS AS HEATHEN AND AS CHRISTIANS.

If you were to come into our Sunday-school any Sunday afternoon, you would see among the infant scholars two little girls about six years of age, who would attract your attention by their bright faces and beautiful eyes. They are the children of one of the best and richest men at the station, and his history is most wonderful and interesting.

During the reign of Dingaan, the great and cruel chief of the Zulus, the natives were slaughtered, far and wide, at his will. So cruel was he, that every year having sent through the whole country and collected all the young girls, he selected a certain number of the prettiest for his wives. Having brought them to his kraals, he gave orders to his chief men, and they sent out and killed all those he had chosen the year before. So year by year great numbers of young Zulu girls perished.

The father of Kalo, and grandfather of these two little girls in our infant-school, was one of Dingaan's head men. But one day suddenly he was charged with witchcraft and dragged away to be killed. His wife, fearing or rather knowing her fate would also be death, fled in the night from her kraal, with her

baby-girl on her back and her little boy Kalo by her side. She traveled far, across plains and rivers, but having gone during two days without food, was ready to lie down and die. Then she remembered having heard there was a missionary, six miles off, who was a "man of mercy." Leaving her little boy in the bush, as he was too weak to travel further, she crept slowly on and finally reached the station. Going to Mr. G., she said, "I am starved and dying, but I give myself and my children to you to do as you please with us. They say you are merciful." Having taken food, she hastened back to the bush and found her boy. The three were then taken under the care of the missionary and are now all Christians.

The old mother totters to church on Sunday, bringing with her the baby of her daughter, who is married to a young man, and they live in a pretty little house up on the hill. Kalo lives across the river, and when I went over there the other day, I was struck with the exceeding neatness of everything and the air of prosperity on every side. He is zealous in his work for others, and gives abundantly of the money which he says God has given him. And so to each of these clothed and Christianized natives the missionary has proved "a man of mercy," and the Gospel of Jesus Christ a message of salvation, temporal as well as eternal.

SUPERSTITIONS.

Quite an important part of the Zulu community is the body of witch-doctors and rain-doctors, who

are generally men, though occasionally a woman is considered "divinely called." They are very shrewd and sharp, and wonderful are the stories told of them, and of the ways in which they secure the faith of this people. They discover those who are bewitched, and the king causes them to be put to death. They detect those who steal and those who kill; they also bring rain and cure diseases by their medicines, their fires and incantations. At least all these things they claim to do, and the means by which one of them here recently detected a thief shows no little shrewdness and ingenuity. The "doctor" collected all the tribe, and having emptied a hut told the people it was a bewitched place, and the chicken which he placed in it would be the spirit of their fathers. Having taken a fowl he rubbed it all over with grease and then smeared it with red clay. One by one the men were ordered to go into the hut and place their hands upon the fowl, when it would speak and accuse the man who stole of being the thief. Each went in, and being conscious of his innocence did not fear to handle the chicken with confidence. The real thief, however, fearing to touch it, so superstitious was he, did not put his hands on the fowl. When all had been into the hut, the doctor pretended all were innocent, and then suddenly called upon them to raise their hands and cry to the spirits. Of course all their hands, save those of the thief, had some remains of the red clay from off the fowl; and when the doctor spied his clean hands he rushed upon him, and the poor, frightened fellow confessed his guilt; while all the

people more than ever believed in the inspiration of the wondrous doctor.

Though some few of them have become Christians, these doctors, as a class, are hard and wicked, and do more harm than can be imagined. One of them not long since destroyed a great tribe of people. The chief had a plan of attacking some kraals near by, and his people not entering into it, he applied to the doctor for the means to make them all unite zealously in the work of plunder and destruction. The doctor told them, without revealing his object, that the spirits ordered them to slay all their cattle and plant no grain that year. He told them also that the spirits said they would raise all their cattle to life again. The people doubted him somewhat, so in order to assure their faith, he determined to practise a deception upon them. His object in having them destroy their cattle and their fields was to make them hungry and desperate, and then they would be ready to join the king in his attack and work of devastation on the enemy.

On a certain day he called them all to assemble at a large pond of water and reeds. Taking the heads and horns of many cattle, he placed them on men's shoulders among the reeds. He then found a girl who was a ventriloquist, and having hidden her, he muttered and burned incense, and then called out for the spirits to speak. The girl called out, "I am the mighty spirits of the dead, I rest not, and at my bidding the cattle that are dead shall rise again." Many more things she said while the doctor muttered and moaned and performed rites too numerous

to mention, and at last the voice of the spirits cried, "Come forth," and out rose from the water and the reeds the heads and horns of the cattle, and moved in various directions.

The superstitious people were at once convinced; they slew their oxen and cows by thousands, and when the time was past, they were without food. The witch-doctor was among the first to perish, for the people, instead of being desperate, were too weak to move, and so they died miserably. A few staggered off, hoping to reach a neighboring tribe and obtain food, so the road was strewn with the bodies of the dead as they fell by the way. A few, the chief among them, reached a place and were fed and cared for, but the whole tribe of the Amaxosa perished from the face of the earth.

Some of the natives around, to whom the Gospel had been preached, cry out that God sent this as a judgment upon the tribe, because they had driven out and even killed missionaries who had been sent to them, and had clung to their wickedness and heathenism with determination, until they perished and fell by the way. Truly God "broke them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

ZULUS AS CHRISTIANS.

CONTRASTS.

Formerly the Zulus wore no clothing; now they dress well, comfortably, even handsomely when they can afford it. Formerly they lived in *kraals*,

or huts of wicker-work, like a large bee-hive, the door so small they were obliged to creep in on their hands and knees; now they have villages and settlements, comfortable houses, some woven and plastered with clay, others of brick, with thatched roofs, some of them containing several rooms, nicely finished and furnished. They have also built churches, and one recently completed at Umvoti is of brick, with arched windows and an iron roof, for which the natives have paid $1,750, and promised a sum which will make their whole contribution for building it $2,922. Formerly the men spent their time in hunting or fighting, engaging frequently in the most bloody and destructive wars, while their women were crushed to the earth with the burden of toil; now the men work, raising sugar-cane, corn, etc., while they ask, "Are there no missionaries in America to tell them not to fight and kill each other? Since we became Christians, we have thought it wrong to fight and to make war."

Churches are formed at the different stations, numbering from ten to one hundred members. They are examined for admission in the usual manner, and then at the last church meeting before the communion Sabbath, the names are read, and those present are asked if they know anything against them. There is no hesitation, but if any one knows a fault, be it ever so slight, it is brought out; so that those who are admitted to the church have need to be blameless, if not perfect.

Statements as to one station will serve, with some modification, for all.

SUNDAYS.

It is a most interesting sight to see the people coming to church on Sunday morning, the women and children so clean, and generally dressed in bright colors; the men in clean clothes, the best they can procure. Beside the "station people," the heathen come in their native undress, rings on their heads and spears in hand. The people sing sweetly many of our tunes to native words. They have a prayer-meeting at sunrise, conducted entirely by themselves, and a large Sunday-school. Some half-dozen of the men go out to the kraals to preach every Sunday.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

Last week was monthly concert for missions. They sang "Greenland's Icy Mountains" in Zulu, prayed, and at the end each one brought something as a monthly offering. It was most touching to see many women and children, and even babies, put their mites down upon the pulpit. Sometimes a poor widow would ask change, as she could not afford to give all she brought, and out here it was impossible to get change. Altogether they gave, last Sunday, six dollars, and this is their average contribution. Beside this they contribute funds to support one or two native teachers, and pay a school-teacher twenty-five dollars a month.

WEEK OF PRAYER.

Last week was the week of prayer, and beside the sunrise prayer-meeting which they always have, there was a daily prayer-meeting at 4 P.M., which was full, two or three getting up to speak or to pray at a time. I could not help thinking they put to shame some Christians at home. Many of the natives are splendid orators, their gestures are so striking, and their speeches are excellent.

YEARLY MEETING—1863.

The yearly meeting is just over. The Christian natives own wagons and oxen, and many make their money by carrying loads; so they have the means of coming quite in state. The evening before the meeting there was great cracking of whips and loud hallooing in every direction. They had meetings with the missionaries and alone, crowds of them, and such splendid-looking men. The chapel was crowded with the good people, and they had up for discussion various questions as to the laws by which they are governed, the selling women for cattle, and so on. They gave £72 for two home missionaries, and chose the place to send them.

Then we went to the village and saw the people with their visitors, rooms with white curtains trimmed with red, matting on the floors, sometimes sofas and rocking-chairs. At breakfast, coffee and bread and meat.

Sunday was the great day; the crowd greater

than ever. They sang most sweetly, "Child of Sin and Sorrow," "Greenland," and the "Year of Jubilee," and had communion in the afternoon, two hundred and fifty together. Some of them walked a hundred miles to the meeting, enjoyed it vastly, and returned home, and then we all subsided.

1864.

The village rang this morning with the noise of the wagons, whips and voices, as the families went away to the yearly meeting, men, women and children. Some took their neighbors, who were too poor to hire oxen and wagons, or whose wagons were needed to carry sugar-cane to the mill. In the afternoon, those men who go alone set out on horseback, all in high glee, and some went on foot. Those who are detained at home by business or illness in their families, meet daily, morning and evening for prayer, to unite in spirit, at least, with those who have gone.

THE MEETING.

The mission-house is in the centre, with the native houses on small hills around, some of them nearly two miles off. They are upright houses, some of brick, some of wattled sticks plastered with mud or clay. They have just finished a chapel of the same material, holding two hundred people, which is intended for a school-house, as the coming year they intend to build a good chapel of brick, to be boarded and seated. Timber is scarce and dear.

There were six missionaries present. It was a pretty sight to see the "amakolwa" (believers) arrive. From one direction were seen nine wagons filled with people, and a dozen horsemen. At the same time, on the opposite side, appeared four wagons and some forty horsemen. The whooping cough prevailed badly, and many women and children were kept at home. This accounts for the many horsemen.

The exercises commenced on Wednesday evening with a prayer meeting, and one was also held each morning at sunrise. Thursday morning one of the missionaries preached to a large congregation; in the afternoon and evening there were prayer-meetings. Friday morning, the most able man among them, Nimbula, preached to them, and in the afternoon was held the examination of the two native Christians who had been sent out to preach the past year. Their names were Umbiyana and Benjamin. They were closely questioned, and gave good evidence that they had profited by their teaching in doctrine, etc., and also that they had been taught by the Spirit. They then received a license to preach, signed by all the missionaries. It was a most interesting service. "What hath God wrought?"

In the evening they met by themselves to talk over raising the money to support these two men the coming year, seventy-two pounds being needed for both. Saturday morning we all met, and they were to hand in their money; one after another came forward, till, at the close of the meeting, sixty-

eight pounds ten shillings had been put upon the table in gold and silver. In addition to this, twenty-one pounds were subscribed by those who had no money with them, making in all eighty-nine pounds ten shillings (where £72 were needed).

Saturday afternoon one of the ladies held a meeting with the women, and in the evening all the unconverted were gathered together in one house, and the love of Christ was set before them, while, at the same time, all the "believers" were gathered in the chapel praying for them. Sabbath morning a sermon on the love of Christ was preached in Zulu, and in the afternoon about two hundred sat down at the Lord's Table. On Monday we separated.

LIFE AMONG THE ZULUS.

RANDOM EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I have just come in from the dining-room, where was an old woman who was kissing the baby's hand. She was in the Zulu country when old king Chaka's mother died, and a number of people had to be killed to satisfy the Amahlosi (spirits). She and her husband and children were among the victims. She ran away with her children just after her husband was taken, but all three of them died of starvation. She says she died too, but was brought to life again to hear the Gospel. At any rate she survived the starvation, and was found and aided, and brought here. She has a little hut near the Mission Station, and here she has lived for many years. She is very old,

no one knows how old, and is a most earnest Christian.

"She is very original and quaint in her ideas. The other day we were asking her if the women who came from church told her about the sermon. 'Oh, no,' she said, 'Satan threw his mantle over them, that they might not listen to God's word.'"

Did you ever before think of sleep in church as Satan's mantle thrown over the eyes?

"Some of the people have become very intelligent, and are employed as interpreters and translators. One girl whom I have seen has just translated the 'Dairyman's Daughter;' and 'Pilgrim's Progress' is now partly finished. The natives are delighted with the last, as they are fond of allegory, and use it much in their own speeches and conversation."

The rain-doctors are all powerful, very bad men, and their influence is one great drawback to success in teaching here. They array themselves peculiarly and wear their hair in hundreds of little ringlets, so they are easily distinguished. They pretend to bring rain, to cure sickness, to find stolen property. Their failure to bring rain destroyed all their power at one of the stations, and was a death-blow to their influence. After all their efforts had failed, the chief said he had lost all faith in them, and he sent to the Missionary to ask him to pray for rain, and that very day the rain came. So one of the doctors finding his occupation gone, goes regularly now to the Mission church, and seems to have given up his pretensions.

The people often come to the missionaries to pray for rain, and because they wear black or dark clothes

in cool, cloudy weather, and black coats on Sunday, the poor, ignorant people fancy there is some connection between their prayers on Sunday and the wished-for rain.

"Some of the men are very intelligent. I found one studying Barnes's Notes on the Revelations, for his Sunday-school class, and they read our papers, the *Observer* and *Independent*, and others, when they can get them."

Not long since a boy came to Mr. ——, the missionary, and said he wanted to live with him, and work for him. Mr. —— did not want him, but as the boy was so importunate, he asked him why he was so anxious to come. "Well," said the boy, "my mother lived on the hills over there, in the kraal, and she used to come to your church on Sundays. When she was sick in her kraal, she called to me and said, 'Go, when I am dead, and live with the missionary; tell him to teach you to be a Christian. I know very little, but I have heard him tell of Jesus, and I am going to heaven, because I love Jesus Christ. Tell the missionary he sent me there by his teachings.' So," said the boy, "I have come to live with you and to be taught, as my mother wished me to do."

There is much just now to encourage us, at several of the stations more seriousness and earnest prayer. At one place a chief and his tribe are begging to be taught and are praying: and here a chief has sent for teachers, and some of the Christian men are going in answer to the call. Though we have no revival, there are about twenty who are anxious to unite

with the church, and this waking up at all the stations makes us both happy and anxious.

There have been some peculiar Providences. One man who was holding out against his conscience lost his child very suddenly, and another who was really an enemy and open opposer was struck dead, though the witch-doctor had told the lightning not to touch him.

Chiefest of all, Kalo is dead. I wrote you of a woman who came here with her children for refuge, when she escaped from her husband's murderers. Kalo was that little boy whom she brought on her back. He had become a very prosperous man, with a good house, horses, cattle and twenty acres of sugar cane. He was a prominent man, much beloved by the people, and leaves a wife and three children.

Kalo was ill about a week, and suffered greatly, but at the last he roused himself and said, "I so greatly rejoice to go to Jesus in heaven. I feel I am in the right way. Love Him, all of you. Wife, cling to your faith; teach the children. Keep them as Christians should be. Let us all meet in heaven:" and as one of them prayed, he died.

They dug his grave in the grave-yard, a pretty hill-side, and about noon they came over the river. One of the Amakolwa (chief men among the Christians) led the oxen and another drove; an act marking great respect, as such work is always left to boys. The fourteen oxen were all black, and in the wagon were his wife, sister, children and mother, the poor old woman who found a refuge here so many years ago. The "amakolwa" and station people, a hundred or more, followed, all the men with black upon

their hats. They went up to the grave and a more impressive scene I never witnessed. In the absence of the Missionary the services were conducted by Untaba, the first convert at that station, and all said as they looked at the coffin, "We cannot feel sad; we were so glad of his words, that he was glad to go to heaven." All these things are having a great influence.

According to Zulu law, which the English have not changed, a man's property, including his wife and children, must all go to his relatives, the mother has no power over her own children. So Kalo's family and property would go to heathen relatives away off in the kraals, but I believe in some way this is to be prevented. Such a law often falls with cruel weight upon Christian converts.

One of our little scholars, eight years old, died a few days ago, but I think she was ready to die. Often you will see these little children praying in the bush as you pass along. How different this from the heathen.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

LETTER TO THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA, March, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. BENNETT,—I have been this afternoon reading the *Advocate*, which is sent to me regularly here, and I could not help thinking, in the midst of your records in the city, you might be interested also, to hear of Industrial Schools and visiting among the neglected in this far-off land.

At our Station here you would have seen, on Christmas day, as interesting a sight as any room in New York could have shown.

First, I must tell you that when the heathen people leave their "kraals," or huts, and their wild life, they build nice houses and wear good clothes, as their circumstances will allow. Some, by degrees, become quite civilized and rich, others just live by daily toil and care.

On Christmas day we determined to give to all the children of the Christian natives who live at the station, a tree and a festival. To be sure there were many difficulties to contend with—one hundred and thirty children—no nice shop to go to, where we could buy toys, candies and cakes by the quantity. The children and parents were greatly excited, knowing that something was in progress, but unable even to guess what it might be. Then there was no suitable tree to be found here, till after long search a bush was found that would answer the purpose, with some trimming and tying of branches. Then came the getting ready of little pin-cushions, and white pieces of cloth worked to represent handkerchiefs; a few toys were given, and some caps made for boys. Thus the one hundred and thirty articles were collected, and each marked for the boy or girl who was to have it. Then we prepared some papers with a little candy in them, faint imitations of the mottoes in Broadway windows, and lastly, each child was to have a ginger-snap, a small tray of which, with roses in and around them, made quite a show.

So the tree was hung, with an American flag

twined in at the top, the bell rung, and the children and parents came to the chapel; they were all clean and nicely dressed; the young people sat on the front seats, and the parents behind.

When the tree appeared, you should have heard their exclamations. I could not translate them, nor give you an idea, for the Zulu has his own way of expressing surprise, and so expressive is this, that when we are astonished, it is easier to exclaim in Zulu than in English.

In their school, of which I will tell you soon, they had learned some of our songs, a translation of "If you don't at first succeed, Try, try again." One also of "Happy Land"—and in English, "Come, tell me how the bread is made," and "We are all noddin', nid, nid, noddin'," songs which I have often heard from the children at the Home.

We had three or four of those toy snakes which so delight boys at home, and we had expected the same of the large boys here, whose names we had placed upon them. But these children hate and fear snakes above all things; they know how poisonous they are, how they abound, and how many die from their bites. Judge of our surprise when, as they espied the toys coiled in the tree, they screamed, even the babies, so that it was difficult to persuade them that these were only imitations of their hated *inyoka.*

After the singing, and a speech to them in Zulu, each child's name was called, each received with real joy the present, cake and candy, and each returned to his place. I am sorry to say at all the festivals in America, I always saw boys and girls who were dis-

contented with their gifts, but with us, on Christmas day, every little black face looked not only contented, but delighted. Presently a little boy held out his motto and said, "What are we to do with the books?" When they found there was something sweet inside, there was such a commotion and scrambling! Some of the little ones tried to eat paper and all, while others, having eaten the candy, tied the papers up and returned them to us.

After singing again, home they went, their voices and penny whistles sounding over the hills, and we heard the latter for many weeks after. The parents stopped to thank us, and to say it was the nicest and happiest day they ever enjoyed, and that it was as much a treat to them as to their children. Thus there were some houses in Africa that had their "Merry Christmas." I am glad Christmas was such a happy day to all the schools in New York.

Now for some history of our schools here. The children vary in number at the different Stations; in one of the schools there is a mixture of Kaffirs, Zulus, Hottentots and Bushmen, with an occasional child in whose veins runs some Dutch or English blood. The school-hours are much the same as with you, the children going home at noon to eat their corn-porridge or mush. Of course, food is very abundant for them here. As to clothing, the children in the kraals, or native villages, go quite naked until they are about ten years old, when they wear a simple band of skin or beads about the waist. When they come into the Stations the parents clothe them as well as their means will allow, and in general, we manage to have

them quite neatly dressed, by giving them a dress or shirt, in exchange for chickens, corn, potatoes, pumpkins, etc., of which they raise an abundance.

At nine the children come in as the bell calls them, each makes a bow and says, "Saka bona," and takes his seat. They then sing, for they know many songs in both Zulu and English, then they repeat the Lord's Prayer and their lessons begin.

I wish the good people in America, who think Africans below white people in talent and quickness, would just take a Zulu school. Of course there *are* stupid ones, but in the experience I have had, as a whole, they are much quicker in learning than most white children. Those who have been regularly in school, can all read Zulu, down to children five years old; and most of those over ten can read English also. All can write, better or worse, some of them very well. They can repeat the whole multiplication table, and do a sum in fractions or reduction as fast as their pencils can fly. They are taught marching, clapping hands, etc., and the discipline, as far as possible, is the same as in our public schools at home; they also study geography and Bible lessons. There are many of them who will repeat a hymn or psalm without a mistake, after hearing it once read, and they will even learn in that way a song in English, although they do not understand the words. The other day I saw a girl about ten years old, take the book and learn the first seven Psalms in less than half an hour, repeating the whole without any prompting, as fast as she could speak. You can see then, that the difficulty in our Industrial Schools

does not consist in the children being "poor stupid things," as many suppose.

They lead naturally such a wild life, that anything like system is very hard to submit to. They do not sing in their wild homes, and their first attempts at singing make you ready to stop your ears and flee; but when they do learn, they sing well, and at all hours of the day and night you hear their voices ringing out, here and there, until even the babies call out as you pass their houses, and by some imagination you can fancy they are trying to sing the songs their older brothers and sisters have brought from school.

When I taught them the first songs with motions of the hands, songs which quiet many a restless little class at home, they were astonished beyond measure, looked, rolled their eyes, and finally a little boy turned to his next neighbor and exclaimed, "I wonder if the teacher thinks that we are deers, that we should do this!"

So you can look in and see us in imagination at the daily school, Saturday singing-school, and Sunday-school, and feel glad that these teachings have gotten a foot-hold in Africa. As a rule, the girls come to the school *clean*, and the work is not *assisted* (!) by finding the hands well covered with taffy or molasses candy, as I used to find in New York. I am glad there are no candy stalls to take the Sunday pennies, and produce the sick feelings and sticky hands, with the temptation to deny the candy when the unmistakable odor proclaims it. We all know how that is.

TWO AFTERNOON WALKS IN ZULU LAND.

FROM THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

HEATHEN KRAALS.

I should like to tell you of two afternoon walks, to show you a few of the effects of Christianity in this land. Imagine a heathen kraal, composed of a circular inclosure for the cattle, with twenty low huts around it, having holes through which to crawl into them on hands and knees. Here we made our first afternoon's visit. This kraal is about half a mile from the chapel and our house. As we came near, we were greeted by numerous Zulu curs, the meanest of all mean animals. A small boy peered out, and seeing the missionaries, out of respect to us, he immediately began knocking the dogs with sticks, thereby much increasing the noise, of course. We made our way into the kraal. The father, an old gray-headed man, with a shaven head, and the usual black ring on the top of it, was squatted against the hut, doing nothing. His old wives were around a fire inside, on which was a pot, filling the hut with an odor anything but pleasant. The contents of this pot one of the wives was stirring with a stick. When the food is sufficiently cooked, each will seize a stick, thrust it into the pot, and then lick off what has adhered to it, until the pot is empty. To the left, the men, from twenty to forty years of age, were sitting and standing. Some were drinking beer, some smoking, and some whittling pieces of wood.

As we entered the kraal, some twenty children of various ages, small ones on the backs of the larger ones, and all in want of clothing (in fact they have nothing on), came forward staring and wondering. Then up the hill came the women of the kraal, with babies tied on their backs by goat-skins, and hoes over their shoulders, talking as if they were trying to see which could speak the loudest. Indeed, all the inhabitants of the kraal were talking in their usual loud pitch of voice, of which you can form no idea. As soon as we could make ourselves heard, we began talking to the men, inquiring about the health of the people, their crops and cattle. Some were too tipsy to reply, but some spoke very well, and showed the respect which is universally felt for the wives of missionaries, as well as for the missionaries themselves.

As I walked away, I said to the old man, "Do any of the children read?" "Oh, no!" was his answer, "books are bewitched, and we want our children to let them alone." "But don't you see how happy and comfortable the people and children are who have books and read?" "Yes, they are well off, truly, but we want our children to let them alone."

Just then came the cry, "A snake!" and a poisonous serpent glided into the kraal. We jumped aside and cried, "Kill it!" "Oh, no!" said the old man, "It is the spirit of my father, we can't kill it. The spirit is angry, we must kill an ox for it." "And pray what do you do with the ox?" "Oh, we put a part of it in a hut, and the spirit goes at night and

eats all it wants and we eat the rest;" which "rest" is the whole animal, of course. We noticed among the women a young, bright-looking girl, whose freshly reddened *top-knot*, and bright brass buttons on the goat-skin hanging down in front, which forms the distinguishing part of a bride's dress, showed her to be a bride.

The chief man, or father, invited us to enter a hut and eat some sour curds, but as we looked in and saw calves there, we told him we preferred to remain outside. The hut was filled with smoke, as there was no chimney, and the outer air was far more pleasant. These kraals and huts are *full* of cockroaches, to say nothing of many other disagreeable insects. The sour-milk pot, when the people have eaten, is hung on a peg in the hut, and in a few minutes myriads of roaches are in it. If you should say to the man, "Do look! See these creatures!" his reply would be, "The poor little things are hungry, let them eat." When he next wishes for food, he will take the pot, and without washing it, will shake the creatures off, fill it and eat. This is a *very* little thing, for the dirt and practices of these kraals may not be told. If they might, there would be many a word of astonishment from you all. Nothing is too dirty for the people to handle, and if their hands feel dirty, rubbing them together, or rubbing them on their bodies or heads, is all-sufficient to cleanse them. And the filth of their conversation, of their morals and souls, is worse than that of their bodies.

Yet, with all this, there is a shrewdness and smartness very attractive—nothing slow or stupid.

Their brown faces shine with smiles and intelligence, and their mouths are full of words of wit, and, I was about to say, of wisdom. It certainly is one kind of wisdom. I suppose the friends will not feel hurt if I say, that many a Zulu is the image of some American friend, save his black skin. Many times a month a stranger will appear, and one of us will cry out, "Who is it he looks so much like?" Then, after a little thinking, "Oh, yes! it is Mr. ——, of Boston, or Mrs. ——, of New York." A learned man has lately been here, making examinations of the heads of Zulus and of Coolies from India. In each case he found the Zulu skull contained the most brains.

HOMES OF CHRISTIANIZED ZULUS.

On the second afternoon we visited the homes of the Christian Zulus, which lie in all directions about us. The first thing we saw was a pretty, white cottage. Orange trees were planted in rows beside it; and on the well-swept verandah stood the owner, a fine, tall man, in straw hat, blue shirt and black trowsers, just returned from his fields. He said, "Good afternoon," inviting us in; but as his wife was away we did not enter.

To the right, among the trees stood another house. On entering the dining-room, we found the mother in a calico dress and red turban, sewing, with her baby beside her. In the centre of the room was a table, and by it sat a girl sewing and a boy studying his book. Two little children were running about the room. One of them came to my side and

repeated the lesson he had learned that day in school, seeming very proud that he had remembered it. The room contained chairs, book-shelves with books, a sort of cupboard with cups and saucers, etc. In the bed-room I saw a bedstead, the bed was covered with a patch-work quilt, and had pillows and blankets. All this, together with the well-dressed children, gave the house an air of comfort. The man and woman are both earnest and zealous Christians.

A little beyond this we came to a brown cottage. In front of it a girl, about eight years of age, was teaching the baby to walk. In the parlor, on a sort of sofa, sat a girl, of perhaps nineteen, cutting and making a dress. The father was reading aloud, while his wife, fresh and pretty, was sitting near at work. The little children were playing with a rag doll—a very good article, made by the mother. The mother reported that "Jeremiah," a small boy of three summers, was trying hard to sing the song he heard me sing in school on Saturday. By the way, this mother is a genius in cutting and fitting, and making pretty things, and the young people resort to her to be taught this art.

Beyond, we came to a red brick house, a flower garden in front, curtained windows and matted floor. In the parlor stood a table, with ink, pens, paper, books, etc., on it, and a clock ticked away merrily on the shelf. The table was set for tea in the back room, with cloth, plates, cups and saucers, spoons and forks, bread, butter and sugar, while hot coffee was ready, of which the cup we drank was very

acceptable. This mother is a most excellent and well taught house-keeper, and the whole family are always dressed neatly and prettily. I asked the father what he did evenings. "Oh," he said, "we light the candle, my wife sews, and I teach the children their lessons for school the next day. When that is done, we pray, sing a hymn, I read a chapter, and we go to bed." This man's family includes, besides his own children, some brothers, cousins and friends, young men and girls, who have broken away from heathenism and their kraals, clothed themselves, and now are civilized, and many of them Christians, members of the church here. The little two-year-oldling held up her foot as we came out, with the remark, so common in childhood at home, "See, I've got new shoes."

Just as we passed out, two old women went by, with a greeting to us. They left heathenism when already old. Though ignorant, they are sincere followers of Christ. Many a poor old woman, cast off by her heathen husband, first learns here the sweet story of old, and "believes;" though, perhaps with too little eyesight to learn to read for herself. But her grand-children will get the book of God and read to her, while she listens and wonders.

As we came toward the next house, the other side of the orange trees, we heard a scream, and suddenly a dozen boys, of about ten years old, dashed out from behind and ran towards the river. Their blue and white shirts and caps showed plainly that they were the children of civilized parents. The head one struck up, "Pleasant is the Sabbath bell;" to

which the others added, "In the light of God;" showing that they were the children also of *Christian* parents.

Had we been a little earlier, we should have met these and many other boys and girls, with bags of books on their shoulders, going home from school to the white houses, dotted here and there, all over the hills. These boys were going for their afternoon bath—for they have to give an account in school daily as to their washing. A dirty pair of hands is a disgrace not to be thought of.

These mothers and fathers were once such as we saw in the afternoon visit to the kraal. Various influences, through God's ordering, brought them to the missionary families, where they were trained and taught. Their children and children's children will tell of the wonders of God's dealings. We should like to take with us, for one of these afternoon walks, some of those who say, "What is the use of missions?" "What can be done for such creatures as these black people?" If they were not convinced and their questions answered by what they would see, we should have to conclude they were more deficient in mind than the black people whom they profess to despise.

THE TWO DEATH-BEDS.

FROM THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

Come with me near to that kraal. Within the hut to the left, on the ground lies a woman. The face is turned to the floor, and with a blanket about her she lies in silence. About her are a crowd of nearly naked women talking and laughing, and making noises which would seem sufficient to kill a well person. If you approach the sick woman and speak to her, she makes no reply. She knows she is going to die, but all is dark, and the heathen custom is to turn the face away and not speak a word, and so in silence and horror to close the eyes in death.

Comforts there are none, food there is none. All you see is the dark hut, the noisy women, and the speechless form of the dying woman. After your vain attempts to speak with her, you sit down. She dies. Then your ears are assailed with wails and cries, for all those noisy women hasten without the hut, and each seems to vie with the other in making a howling noise which sounds far off over the hills.

The body is left alone in the hut. The men, her nearest relatives, dig a hole outside the kraal, hurry in, seize the body, and, head first or feet first, thrust it in. The hole is filled, the hut and clothes where she died burned up, and the name and face of that woman have passed from earth never to be mentioned or thought of again.

Thus does the heathen die; I have seen it; and oh! the horror, the darkness, no words can tell.

Up in that white cottage on the hillside, where that young man and his young wife live so happily, death is coming, coming there!

In the little room, on the bed, propped up with pillows, lies that wife. Beside her are some of the station women with sad but quiet faces. One is holding her hand and talking with her of Heaven and her Saviour. Listen! The sick woman opens her eyes and speaks.

"I know I am dying, but why should I fear to go home? I love my Saviour, I love my God, I have no fear, all is *so* bright." One of the women looking so sad, yet so peaceful, comes to the bedside, and kneeling there says, "Let us pray." As they all kneel, she asks God's presence there, his light in the dark valley, his heaven for the departing one; and as they rise, the dying woman murmurs, "Jesus, my Saviour," and she has gone from Africa's dark land to the land where there is no darkness nor gloom. They dress her in white, and as she lies in her coffin her face says, "Peace, peace." The coffin is carried, followed by many to the grave-yard.

A hymn, a prayer, a few words, and her body too is gone from sight; but her name is on our lips, her life and death are to be in our hearts and on our tongues. Her husband is alone, but no superstition and darkness are there; he says God took her, and he cannot mourn or complain.

"How could I mourn when she spoke such words? when I know she is with Christ? Had she died in darkness, I could weep and complain, but to die in Christ, is to live."

I would that those in America who say a missionary's life is vain, his work for naught, could witness these two scenes on the hillside in this African land. I would that the wide ocean did not prevent them from such a view. Full well do I believe each unbelieving one, with upraised hands, would return to his Christian land and home, and if others said the work in Africa was vain, would cry out, "No, not in vain, for I have seen, yes, I have seen!"

VISIT TO A KRAAL.

FROM THE BOSTON RECORDER.

UMVOTI, SOUTH AFRICA, May 27, 1865.

Many a time, when I lived in my dear American home, have I heard business men say, when talking of their cares and daily life, "They separate us from God;" and many housekeepers and mothers said, "It is hard for us to keep near God amidst our cares;" and invalids, with pain and suffering for their earthly portion, said, "These draw us from God." We, too, in our missionary life, find much to make us say, "How can we keep very near our God?"

Not many weeks ago a young man, lately from a heathen kraal, came to see me, and expressed a very strong desire to learn to read and write. His face and manner were so interesting, that I inquired where his home and parents were. He said he lived with some of the Christian Zulus on the station, but his father, with his wives and children, lived in a kraal a mile or more distant. He spoke also of a

brother, about his own age, who was ill and unable to move. As I became more interested in the young man, I wished much to see his brother who was ill, thinking if nothing could be done for his health, perhaps he might learn, and find pleasure in books. The heathen natives are generally fearful that books will bewitch them, and I knew he was but a heathen. Putting a "Tract Primer" in my pocket one afternoon, I got on my horse to go to Mali's home, for such I learned was the invalid's name. The way was long, and through high African grass, with no good road, so I was glad of the horse's help in reaching there. But at the kraal entrance the father, a tall, fine-looking man, met me, and to my request that he would hold the horse for a few moments, replied he was afraid the horse would bite him; and nothing would induce him to touch it. These Zulu "kraals" are composed of a circle of huts, looking like beehives, with an entrance to each at the side about two feet high.

Threading my way along, and leading the horse, I entered the enclosure. On the ground outside, by one of the huts, was seated the young man whom I had come to seek. His face and expression told of intelligence and a kind heart, but his words soon made me know that his body below the waist was useless, and he had no power to move, except his hands, arms and head. He seemed, though a mere heathen, to rejoice at the idea of learning to read, and I determined to give him his first lesson then and there. As there was no stick or stone on which to sit, I was obliged to use the ground for a seat,

which was not very easy to do, and hold a restless horse. But Mali began his lesson with such zeal, I soon forgot all else in wondering at the rapid way he learned the alphabet that short half-hour. On leaving, I gave him the book, and charged him to study well and much.

A few days after, I started on foot, and after rather a hard walk through grass and over brooks, was nearing the kraal, when in a narrow path I met two men driving a cow. Cattle are above price to a Zulu, and no sacrifice is too great to make for them. These men, therefore, had given the path to the cow, and were walking through the grass and bushes. I kept in the path, however, until when close to the cow's head one of the men drove it out of the way. At the same time, looking at me very indignantly, he remarked, "Don't you know enough yet to get out of the way and leave the path to a cow?" Certanly the rules in America and Zulu-land are different as to the politeness which is due to cattle from people!

On reaching the kraal I found Mali all delight at seeing me, and his father said he had been made happy by the first visit. He had not only remembered all the letters perfectly, but had spelled out words and read in the book. And so it was that in a short time, with no help but such as my occasional visits afforded, he learned to read. His delight, as one new idea after another opened on his mind, was pleasant to see. He had heard but little of Christ, and everything he could read of his love for man seemed to touch him deeply. It was, then, hardly a surprise, yet a joy, when he one day said to me, "I

pray to my Father in heaven now very much. I love my Saviour who died for me. I hope I am his child."

He told of the joy he found in loving Christ, of the lonely and unhappy days he had formerly had in the thoughts of his hopeless illness, and no bright spot to cheer those days. He contrasted with this his present delight in reading, the hours he spent in singing hymns from the little hymn-book, and the ever-continuing joy of learning, and above all, spoke of the constant nearness of Christ.

I looked around as he was speaking. There were the enclosure, the bare ground, the four low huts, with the holes to enter them, and within only darkness and cold, or a fire and smoke. The father and his wives and children were unclothed. Furniture and comforts of any kind were not to be seen. The day long, dogs barked, children cried, men scolded and quarreled, women talked at the highest pitch of their voices. Of what was good he heard nothing; and yet as he sat in such a place, unable to move, in bodily pain and weakness, and his two books only to cheer him on in what was good, *he* did not say, "It is hard to keep near to God." And so the days and weeks pass away, and many a lesson can he teach of joy and peace in believing, even among the surroundings which would seem to separate him from his God. His brother is also a Christian now, and when he meets the brother who is ill*, they pray to-

* This boy has recovered. As the application of electricity was impossible, they tried washing with soap and water, with dry rubbing and rough friction, and he regained the use of his limbs.

gether for their parents and friends who have none of the joy and peace they have found.

Their father now mourns because his sons have left their heathen home and ways; yet he does not evince the violent opposition which some parents show. In a kraal near to us, one of the sons left his parents and came on to the station. His friends caught him, as he was passing their home one day, took off his clothes and burned them, obliging the young man to stay with them by force, and making him drink their native beer to intoxication. He at length succeeded in running from them and returning to the station. They made one other attempt to take him, and then decided to let him stay and be a Christian if he chose. He very eagerly began to learn, and made great progress. At the time when some of his young friends were professing their faith in Christ, he decided to unite with them. And now he and many more such young men, who left their kraals amid persecution and unkind treatment, are joining together to pray for their parents and brothers and sisters, and do all in their power to lead them to Christ. The parents often at last say, "It is good that our children believe; but we are too old." Though we are saddened by their refusal to hear with the heart, we rejoice to see their sons and daughters, one after another, coming, as they express it, "out of the darkness into the shining light."

Nor do they think, among all their persecutions and temptations, that it is hard in this heathen land to keep near God. Perhaps they may teach us all a lesson in this thing!

ZULU CHRISTIANS.

FROM THE BOSTON RECORDER.

It seems as if most of our good friends in America thought that a Zulu might be on one day running wild over the hills, heathen and heathenish, and the next day become a Christian suddenly, and change in every respect. I doubt, however, in all the history of this mission, if such a case were ever known. It is slow and gradual, this change, and sometimes it is long before the bright, yet ever-hoped-for end appears. The stations are increased from year to year by the coming of young people from the kraals. Some come for a home among friends, some come for work and pay, and many young girls run for protection against those whom they do not wish to marry. I suppose a few come to the station to become Christianized or civilized, but they do change *all*, as time rolls on, and seeing the "more excellent way," choose it, and give us joy in our hearts. These "young people" are, perhaps as an average, about sixteen years of age. They come heathen and unclothed, but by degrees the clothing and teaching work in them changes in character and habits, and when God's Spirit comes to them they seem fitted to live as the disciples of Christ, and glorify Him.

I have often looked at them, still young and strong and full of life, and thought how each could tell a tale of sorrow and suffering unlike those of us who grew up with good parents in our good land of America.

Go into one of their schools, where, evening after evening, they write and read, and study many things. Go back into the history of each one, and your blood will almost run cold, and you will not wonder that they say they are blessed in their present life. Here is a young girl who had eight spears thrust into her when she was escaping in war and crossing a river. Here is another who was found a child, fastened on the back of her mother, the mother dead, floating on the waters. Here is a girl whose friends sold her for cattle to an old polygamist, and she, in her heart loving a young man, yet sent to the old one because he could pay two more cows for her than he whom she loved. She ran to the station, and the father, partly from fear of the law, and partly by persuasion, has allowed her to remain, and thus will lose two cows.

Look at the young men, and it is the same story, not of marriage, for in this they can do as they wish, but of persecution or danger. Among my scholars was a young man with such a fine face, so full of intelligence and strength. I noticed that part of the little finger of his left hand was gone, and one day I asked him how it was. "Oh," he replied, "that is my tribe. I am an Ixosa, my tribe live many hundred miles from here. In our tribe, when the children are a few weeks old, the little finger is cut off to mark the tribe, and we none of us have little fingers to our left hands. Our tribe was great and powerful, but the witch-doctors destroyed it. They killed cattle and put their heads on men's shoulders in a pool of water, and then after incanta-

tions, etc., they made the animals call out and tell the people to slay all their cattle. The people supposing the cattle spoke by divine authority, did as they were told. Their food thus was gone, and as the people went to neighboring tribes for food, hundreds fell down and died of starvation. I had left my friends and wandered far. Sinking on the ground exhausted, to die, one of the Christians from the Zulu stations found me. He brought me here with him. I am clothed and taught, and now I hope I love the Saviour, whom I should never have known but for God's care of me when near death." His friends are dead, or, if some are living, they are separated by a hostile tribe from here, and he could not go to see them if he would.

This young Ixosa is black, but at his side sits a young man, light in complexion, and smiling and happy looking. Who was his father? A young man from one of Holland's first families, a poor lost son. And this father came to a place where no law could control his sins. Wild, he wandered among the Zulus; like them, yet more low and degraded. His two little children, with their Zulu mother, were tossed about here and there. The father perished in a Zulu war, and the children, more needy than any Zulu, were without a place to call home. The mother afterward married a polygamist chief, and these two little children were made as servants to the Zulus, who, low as they were, could not but despise their white father in his greater degradation. Thus they grew up, yet going down, down, and now the poor sister, after a life of evil,

is God knows where. The son "Charlie," as we call him, came to work for a Zulu at a station. This seemed the turning point in his life. Though grown, he eagerly sought an education, and the influence of all around him has raised him up and up. At our last communion he joined himself with the Church of Christ.

There, by the river, is a girl neat and bright looking, with a pail of water on her head. We do not need to ask her history. Her kraal is ten miles inland. She was soon to be sold to an evil old man, and one night she ran away. Her father and brothers followed her, and tried to take her back. She refused to go; and more and more delighted with civilization and instruction, she told us she could not go back to her kraal. The father and brothers became determined, and armed with spears, their friends came to help them carry this poor girl off by force. They came nearer and she heard, and tremblingly waited within a mile of our chapel. As the father walked, an adder bit his foot, and in a few short moments the wretched man was dead. The brothers and friends affrighted, declared this was sent by their sister's God, and home they went, nor will they dare again come to touch their sister.

And thus if you go into our chapel on Sunday; the pews are full quite back to the door. At the end of the pew sits the mother, her little ones by her side, and their father at the door of the pew. They all look happy, and not only clean but pretty. Quiet and devout, attentive and interested, they listen and right well do they sing those hymns and

tunes which in America you use each week. Ask them their early history. They were the "young people" of years ago, and they can tell their tale of suffering and escape, as those who are young now. But they thank their God, with earnest prayers, that their children were born in the light of God's truth, and their greatest desire is that their children be wise and good. You would not see a more quiet, well-behaved congregation anywhere. But I have heard these men, who now are so respectable and worthy of respect, I have heard them tell of the time when they were little boys. The missionaries had just come, and their parents from curiosity went to see and hear, taking them as children with them. They sat under a tree, the people "squatting" on the ground around them. Women with babies on their backs, men with dogs by their side, "young men and maidens." Order there was none. In the midst of a prayer two men would begin to take snuff and sneeze, or a boy would pinch a child and make it cry, women would tickle each other and laugh, and all would beat or pinch the dogs, causing them to howl out loudly. This was the "order" of those days, such noises as you seldom hear in America. These were the heathen congregations of years ago, and there are such now, differing perhaps a very little, from the fact that the people all know now they are expected to be quiet and decent when with a missionary. And we have to feel that our hope of usefulness is in the young. The old men and women say they are too old to pray, too old to learn to love God, and

with very few exceptions they die as they have lived. But their children do learn to pray, and see that the young people on the stations are happier and better off than they.

There are some families where every child has left his father and come to the stations, and there are some fathers who are glad that their children can be taught and enlightened. There is an old witch-doctor near us, who spends his time deceiving people, boiling roots and old rubbish, and with all kinds of arts pretending to cure or to discover witches or thieves, etc. Yet this man, shrewd and smart, has seen the blessing of light and knowledge.

At his desire therefore, all his children are sent to the station, are taught and clothed, and he hopes they will be Christians. Yet he knows his feet are going down to death, his soul doubly darkened with the sin of knowing he deceived the people.

We have heard of deaths in the kraals, where the dying seemed, though in heathenism, to be the followers of Christ. And thus we hope and pray that far from our stations light may penetrate, and many enter heaven whom we know nothing of in this world. We cannot tell of these, but they belong to Him. "I am the good Shepherd and know my sheep," these are a Saviour's words.

A STRANGE THING.

FROM THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

Of course the people in America ought to be wiser than we, who are so much cut off from society and influences to make us wise; but I want to speak of a strange thing which perhaps even their wisdom has not told them.

When I first came to Africa, of course I did not understand the language; and I often wondered, as the natives were speaking and praying, what their words meant. Well do I remember one Sunday! It was "Monthly Concert," which, as I was always told in America, is the time set apart to pray for the whole world, that God's "kingdom may come." So do our people regard it, and I suppose that at all the missions they have taught their people the same.

On that Sunday which I remember, at the monthly concert one of the men made a prayer. He spoke so distinctly, that with my increasing knowledge of the language, I could understand nearly every word. First, he prayed a few words for themselves, but the prayer was chiefly for others. Yes, *he* remembered for what the meeting was intended. He remembered that all the rest of the month they could pray for themselves, and the monthly concert he put to its real use, and prayed for the world. He was black, and a short time since, a few years at most, was a savage, wild among the hills. Yet he prayed for the white people over the sea, who were not Christians. He prayed for the Jews, the Mohammedans, the black

people in Africa, the Chinese, and those who live on the isles of the ocean. Fervently he remembered them all, and for Christ's sake he asked blessings on them all, and that they might be taught and Christianized.

It seemed as if a new feeling rushed over me that day. I was brought up to attend the monthly concerts since I was a child, and I have attended them in America, in cities, towns and villages; but because this man's prayer seemed strange, I began to think. I thought he certainly made a good prayer, I thought it was exactly suited to the occasion, and then it dawned on my mind why it seemed a strange prayer. It was because the man was not selfish; he had a large heart, and *once a month* he was willing to forget himself and his friends a little, and to remember the world.

Perhaps America is not now as it was. Let me remember! Brother A— used to pray; he prayed long and loud for *us*, that *we* might be this, and *we* might be that, and then all in a hurry at the end, he would pray, "Thy kingdom come," and say "Amen," and sit down. Brother B— did the same; and Mr. C— and Mr. D— and all of them. So it was because I was brought up on such prayer at monthly concerts that when I heard a prayer for the world, I had a strange feeling of wonder and began to think.

Good friends in America, don't you envy us our monthly concerts? Listen, if you have never noticed it before, and see if there is not a sad selfishness in these meetings. How often do you hear the nations prayed for by name? Count the times, and

count the number of times you hear the word "us." See which has the largest share of prayers and most blessings called down, *you* or *the world.*

I don't undervalue *you*, I know you need to be prayed for, but this meeting is *once a month.* I understand all these African prayers now; and oh, it seems to me hard, very hard, that they should all pray for you so much and so earnestly, while you pray for yourselves alone, perhaps giving them half a thought, or including them hastily in the words, "Thy kingdom come.

VISIT TO UMBIYANA'S STATION.

UMVOTI, November, 1866.

I send this account by itself, because I would like it circulated, as far as may be possible, without its being published, feeling sure it will interest all, and especially those who helped in the box of clothing sent last March.

Wednesday was the day appointed for the Communion Service at Umbiyana's.* This man is a Zulu who as a boy lived with Mr. Marsh. He became a Christian there, and was left at the time of Mr. Marsh's death, together with William, the man who led Bishop Colenso to change his views. William and Umbiyana were of the same age. The former went to Colenso's station, the latter to a Norwegian station.

Three years ago Umbiyana applied to the Ameri-

* Oóm-be-áh-nah.

can missionaries for a place where he could work for his countrymen. He is a small man, but with a pleasant expression and very neat-looking. He was given a place in the interior about half way between Mr. Abraham's and Mr. Tyler's. It is an out-of-the-way place, in among the mountains, so difficult of access that a wagon has to cross and recross a river seven times in order to reach it. On horseback it can be reached by three or four different roads, all of which illustrate Mr. Lindley's remark, that he had "always noticed it was about as long a way over an orange as around the side." Thus in these roads, you can either go down a high hill and up again, or up a high hill and down again.

Mr. Tyler came to Mr. Abraham's, and we set out in the morning about eight o'clock. The clay there is so slippery, our horses had great difficulty to keep on their feet, and when we began to go down the hills we had to dismount and go down with a pole to keep from slipping and falling. There were several Christian natives with us from other stations who were going there to join in the services. You can hardly imagine the roads, so steep and on the edge of high cliffs, over the trunks of trees and over stones, as we went scrambling, slipping and walking. We sometimes mounted and rode for a little, and then were obliged to dismount again. We crossed two rivers a good deal swollen by the rain, still not dangerous. The scenery was very beautiful as we stood on the tops of high mountains and looked far into the distance, or again as we stood in the valleys and looked upon the heights above us.

Turning around a mountain, after crossing the last river, suddenly brought us in sight of the station, and it sent a thrill through me, so far away from houses and civilization. The largest house, Umbiyana's, is on a hill, and below this hill lies the kraal of the chief, and a number of other kraals are around. There is a large plain here plowed and full of grain just coming up. To the left is a high mountain, round and running up almost to the clouds, perpendicular and inaccessible. To the right is the valley through which the river runs, and over in another direction are high rolling hills and valleys. The house is of brick and quite large, and the people are in houses near. The whole place has been cleared and cleaned and planted, and bricks are being made for the new chapel, built principally with part of the money sent by Mr. ——'s church in New York.

As we rode up to the house, Umbiyana came out to meet us, looking very happy, as he had good reason to be. His people came around, and the first thing I saw was that some of the men were wearing coats that came in that box from New York; the women and children also in clothing which that same box brought over the water.

You must not think I talk too much of dress, for I tell particulars so that you can imagine it all. The men spoke to us first, and then Umbiyana's wife came out, a pretty, bright little thing, and asked me to "walk in." She has two pretty little children, and is herself intelligent, and manages beside her own family to teach the women and girls to sew, to cut, to cook and keep things in order. They call her

"princess," the title of a chief's wife. The children had print dresses and white aprons and sun-bonnets, and showed in their very faces that they were civilized. She wore a white collar, etc., and was dressed better than the people, as was her husband. I should think her to be twenty-one years old. She took me into her room and told me all her cares and duties. Soon the door opened and the women came in; there were two pretty young women with their babies, some girls, some old women nearly worn out, and several middle aged women. I looked at them, and there seemed a light about them, as I thought how out in these wild hills they had learned to love God from one of their own race, himself just out of darkness; and they seemed so full of respect for their missionary's wife, while she put the last touch to make their dresses straight and told me their history as she did so.

There are now twenty-nine dressed persons living with Umbiyana, over twenty of whom are Christians, and eighteen form his church; the others waiting to be received at the next time. He himself is not ordained, and therefore is not able to hold these services without a minister's being present. As his chapel is not finished, our service was to be under a thatched roof supported by poles, a wagon-house I believe it is. There were a table and a few benches around, and the children sat on mats on the floor. He calls the people by blowing an ox horn, which rings over those hills. (A bell has since been sent him for his church). We sat down, and the eight who were to join his church were there. The first was a man who

had had four wives, three he had put away, one he keeps, and she joined the church with him. One wife is old and remains with her grown children on the station. It is a great thing for a man like that to cut off his head ring and come out as a Christian, far harder than for a young man to do so. But he spoke decidedly: "I was in my kraal, and I seemed to hear a voice and I could not refuse." His wife told how her friends tried to get her away from her husband when he became a Christian, and she ran from them and said, "Would you have *him* in light and *me* in darkness?"

There was also another man with his wife. The wife said she came to hear Umbiyana preach, and "the preaching ate her! It seemed as if she was the only sinner in the world, and every word was meant for her, and she could not rest in her heart."

There was a young man, a fine noble fellow, who had been persecuted by his friends, but he stood decided and will make a remarkable man. There were two little boys fourteen years old, who had also been "persecuted for righteousness' sake," but their words were clear and decided; and by them was an old woman on the very grave's brink, yet she knew what she believed, and her face did not change even when the heathen laughed at the idea of baptizing "such an old thing, fit only to die and be cast out."

These are the eight; and of the ten others, two were old women, two young men, and the rest husbands with their wives. After their examination, Mr. Tyler preached a sermon to the heathen, who were in a crowd around. They were dressed in

beads and every sort of thing, and had their spears and shields, but were very orderly, for they dearly love Umbiyana, and doubtless from them many will come out to him, as has been the case in the years gone by.

Can you see it? Under that wagon-house roof, a little band baptized one by one; no *silver*, only a common blue china bowl for water; no organ, or handsome church, or great congregation; only the blue sky, wild mountain peaks and the birds and trees, with the ground around covered with gaily-dressed, feathered, painted, and armed men and women. But it was the same in God's sight. And I looked around thinking *I* had never witnessed such a scene, wishing *you* all could see it. Our singing rolled out sweetly among the hills, for there are some fine singers there, and we sang "The Shining Shore" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee" and "Coronation" among those hills without organ or choir.

After they were baptized we went away, and returned in a few minutes to have the Communion Service. There were some from other stations, making in all quite a little band, and there was a solemnity which I never felt even in our great churches at home, where all is so imposing. The people *felt*, and the want of a Communion Service, church, or other things was little to them. One old woman said to me, "I have been sick for several weeks, but I could not stay away *to-day*. We are old and are women despised elsewhere, but in Jesus' eyes we are the same as the greatest in the world. My son cast me out, and then when I became a Christian he denied

me food, but I am happy for the few months left me."

These poor old women make mats and sell them to the missionaries, and thus by hard work earn sufficient to keep themselves clothed. There were one or two children baptized, and to one of these an old heathen woman, naked, except her cow-skin dress, said, "Now you must be good always, for you are a child of the King in heaven now."

After the service I went and sat in the verandah. The people gathered about, and I talked with one and another. There were two or three children whom their parents had given to Umbiyana to train as Christians. One or two of the young men told me how their fathers had disinherited them and cast them off; and one girl said her friends came raging after her, and she walked up and said, "Here is a spear, kill me! but you can never take me back again to heathenism."

It was wonderful through all, to see the love and respect they have for their missionary. His word is law; and yet he is so kind and humble they come to him for everything. He builds their houses, teaches them to read, to write, to plow, and for everything they wish to know they go to him. He has large congregations of heathen and large schools. He told me he needed writing books, which have been sent to him, and when the next box comes, some of the clothing will be sent there, for I am *sure* it is well used. If the friends could see, they would be thankful to be allowed to work or give, to help that man in his great work for his people.

I sat with them there till the sun began to go down, and was sorry to say "good-bye" to one and all. If I live I intend to go and spend some days there again, for what is a bad road with such scenes at the end?

UMBIYANA'S REPORT.

JUNE, 1867.

Here are the words I have to speak.

The members of my church, male and female, including my wife and myself, are eighteen. Those who are Christians, yet not members, number four.

The people come to church sometimes in large numbers, sometimes fewer come. The children of the kraals wish to learn, but some of them are hindered by their parents. There is school at the station every day. On Sunday I try to teach all the kraal people to read in books. They love me, and I love them, and we do not complain of each other.

I go to the kraals every Friday and preach. The people listen; they say it is true and good. They say I must come always.

Thus I walk in my work—the work of the Lord. I love it. There is no other such great work, such lovely work. No; I repeat it, there is no other such work so noble in the world. I long for more strength from God than I now have; for to-day my strength is small, I need help from above.

I am made sad by the people. When I talk with them they say it is true, but they do not believe,

nevertheless. They do not deny it is true. I long for the Holy Spirit in this delightful work.

Our children, and their nurses and the working people, number fourteen. Altogether, dressed people, we are thirty-six at our station.

I need a chapel, and have tried to make one. My oxen died of lung-sickness, so for a short time I was stopped. I have made a school-house. The length is thirty-seven feet, the width fourteen. It is of brick.

Those joining the church this year are eight in number. UMBIYANA.

Later, Umbiyana reports forty-two converts in three years at his station.

VISIT TO MUSI.

UMVOTI, November, 1866.

I have been trying to find time to tell you of my visit to Musi, the chief of the Amqwabe, and a famous man in these parts. Mr. Abraham went with me, as he himself wished to visit Musi's * kraal and home. I cannot say precisely how far it is from Mapumulo † or Umvoti,‡ for the road is over the steepest hills and deepest valleys, and can hardly be measured by miles. Very soon after leaving Mr. Abraham's, we began to go down and up in such places, and at such angles, as I have only seen in the White Mountains. Even the horses were

* Móo-see. † Mah-poo-móo-lo. ‡ Oom-vó-ty.

frightened at the road, and sometimes stood still afraid to go forward.

In the midst of this really dangerous road, I could not help admiring the scenery, distant views in all directions, rivers rushing through the valleys, smooth green hills rolling regularly along, thick wooded land and innumerable flowers of every color. The only signs of human life were in the kraals scattered here and there, and the cattle upon these thousand hills. We did not pass many kraals, although many were visible, which seemed small enough as we looked down upon them from the heights.

As we approached Musi's territory the number of kraals increased, and they appeared on every side. His abode is called "The Evening Star," and suddenly it came in view, perched on a hill by itself. After various turnings and twistings we ascended that hill and came suddenly to the entrance of the fence, what in America would be called a *gate*, only there is no gate there. Leaving the horses outside, we were saluted by "How are you?" from a number of men seated inside, near the place where the cows were being milked. We walked around this circular place, and at the back found a hut enclosed by a private fence, which, except for the enclosure, was externally just like all the other huts. Presently there appeared a tall, fine-looking man, with a very pleasant face, and an air about him which showed him to be a chief. He was very cordial in his greetings, and invited us to "walk in."

Mr. A. went to look after the horses, and Musi called for a mat to be placed at the entrance, on

which he crawled in. The doors are always small and low. Then he told me to follow him, and immediately had the mat removed to prevent "common people" from entering upon it. He sat on one side of the door on a number of mats; I was quite near him, and two of his wives were there.

Almost his first words were, "Well, when am I going to have some one to teach me and my people?" I told him I did not know; our missionaries were talking about it, but I did not know what they had decided to do. I began to talk of something else, but he sat quiet and then said:

"When I saw you I hoped you had come to teach us. Why is it that other places are taught and we cannot learn? I will build a house, I have chosen a place, and will do everything I can to help a missionary. Do you not see I am a chief? I have many people under my authority, and I want the whole tribe to learn. *Don't you think the people in America could send me somebody?* I think I should soon be a Christian. I used to hear from Dr. Adams long ago, and I remember the Lord's Prayer and some hymns now. Do you not know I am not like other chiefs? I like the light and learning, and I want to be taught."

I asked him how he would like one of his own race. "Oh," said he, "somebody I must have; and if I cannot have some one from over the ocean, I must take a black person. I do not wish time thrown away. I want the children to learn while they are young. If I cannot possibly have a white person, then I will be glad of a black person."

I had a long talk with him, too long to repeat, in which I tried to find his reasons for wishing a missionary so much, for it is perhaps an unprecedented case in this land. The chiefs are generally so bigoted, and it is, with them here as in the days of Christ, the common people who hear gladly. From what I could judge in talking, it would seem that Musi's boyhood was spent near or at one of the stations. It is years since he left, yet there and then he learned to believe that there is a God, and to believe in Christ. He also saw then that learning did no harm, which removed his superstition in that respect, and it is as he himself said—"The chief near me grew up in heathenism, so he is afraid of everything and does not wish any light. As for myself I grew up at a station, and I saw that the light was good, though I did not then receive it."

This then, is one reason; he has not such a wall of superstition about him. Another is, that he is a very ambitious man; he wishes to be above other people and better than they. Therefore, seeing that the Christians are every way elevated far above the heathen, he wishes to build his own glory, not only on his rank and power, but on his wisdom. I cannot say his motives are the highest or the most pure, nevertheless, it is a great and wide-open door in a place where every one is counted, and causes gratitude. To teach a whole *kraal* is a *great* thing. Here is a *tribe.* I think the truth is in Musi's heart, covered it is true, by many things, but still a spark which may fan into a flame now if efforts are made. I was greatly interested in his son, a boy fourteen years

old, who will succeed his father as chief. The boy fairly shines with smartness, and I believe could learn to read in a few weeks. He seemed quite unwilling to listen to a word of having to wait for a teacher while other boys were wise, and he, the chief's son, below them in learning. The children all seemed pretty and bright, and Musi said the kraals far and wide swarmed with children, and he had only to say "come," and they would all come. You cannot appreciate all this, but it makes my heart bound to think of it, for we have to pick up one here and one there, and many are bound and kept from learning, and others are persecuted; and it is like finding a fountain of water in a desert, for our hearts thirst for such things, and we find but the drop here and there to cheer and refresh us, while here is a fountain.

I wish some one might be sent from home. In many places a native does well, but here, I should say, find the right man from America and these hills would soon ring with other words than those now spoken there.

But to return to the visit. I have said Musi's wives were some of them in the hut, and soon there came a young bride, as her costume showed, to whom the chief showed attention and partiality enough to have caused the others to poison or shoot themselves with envy had they been white. His breakfast was about to be served, at the amount of which I was filled with astonishment, until I learned that he had not eaten since the day before. One wife bowing before him on the ground, poured water on his

hands, and by the way, he had soap and towels—wonder of wonders! in heathenism. Then a covered dish of meat was brought in, he eating with a knife and four-tined fork. His covered china dishes, etc., he had bought from white people, and he remarked he thought he knew how to use them about as well as a white man, a fact I did not dispute.

When the meat was eaten, another wife mixed some corn and sour milk, and crouching before him, presented it. He ate a dish of that, and when he had finished it, the last spoonful was poured into the hands of the wife, as her reward for her services. Meantime the other wife, for the bride did not work or serve, mixed some beer in a pitcher, and fanned the flies from his face while he drank. I handed him a piece of bread we had brought for lunch, and he seemed greatly to enjoy it, saying he wished his wives knew how to cook such things, they were so sweet and good.

Then suddenly he told a daughter outside to go and tell his wife who was cooking, to roast him an ox's heart. While this was being prepared, some old women came to the door, and after a long introduction in the style of the address in Daniel, "O king, live forever," etc., and having chanted a song in his praise, they informed him that they were dying with hunger, which was of course, an exaggeration, common enough here however. He replied they could eat in the afternoon when the sun was there, pointing to about three o'clock. Here the old women chanted again their thanks and withdrew.

It is not easy to understand the women's language.

There are so many words which they are not allowed to speak, that everything has a different name, and it sounds almost like another language.

By this time the "heart" was cooked and was brought in by a boy; but Musi ordered it to be returned and brought as he had directed, by a girl, his daughter. The people seemed frightened at their mistake, and the girl hastened to appear. He gave pieces to his wives and the people around, eating the choice bits himself. While eating, he talked about many things, and every sentence was responded to by his wives, "Yes, my lord;" as for example, they were crouching around, and he would say: "Now, I think"—— "Yes, my lord,"—— "that this meat,"—— "Yes, my lord,"—— "is very nice."—— "Yes, my lord," till I was quite tired of hearing it, and wondered he was not.

He was continually returning to the subject of finding a teacher, and said he should go to the missionaries in person and apply, which he has since done. He has quite a number of nice things, clothing, chairs, dishes, oxen, carts, plows, etc., and said he was intending to build himself a house like the missionaries. I really believe he thoroughly likes civilization, while I confess in those mountains his people are all heathenish to a greater extent than I have seen elsewhere. He himself is putting one foot out of the mire, and if a helping hand is reached out to him, he will put out both feet and drag those who are with him that they follow him.

Thus we came away from that "Evening Star," and I felt half sad, half glad, as I looked back and

thought how that hill may be made really to shine as a star, and give brightness far around it, if the Gospel is quickly sent; and most fervently do I pray God that it may be so.

As no white man could be found, the missionary sent was John Hlonono, a preacher and elder in the church at Umvoti.

REPORT FROM MUSI'S STATION.

Umvoti, July, 1867.

I think you cannot but be interested in my repeating a conversation I had the other day with Hlonono. You know he is at Musi's, and his heart and soul seem full of his missionary work. He came here one day, and I met him on the road as he was returning. I said to him I supposed there was not much to tell yet from his part of the world, as he had been there so short a time.

He said: "There is more to tell than you would well believe. I never saw people so anxious to learn. While I am trying to build my house, with the two young men from the station who help me, we can hardly work, because of the people coming to learn; and when evening comes we light a great fire (one of the young men said he thought it must be as large as the one Shadrach and his friends were put into), and by its light we teach until midnight.

"On Sunday we worship under a great tree, and often a hundred or more are present. After our service, all learn to read; and we should be glad of thirty

teachers instead of three, so anxious and eager are they.

"Last Sunday a man who has a large kraal said he did not wish his daughters taught, lest they run away and be Christians, and he get few cattle for them at their marriage. Therefore we did not teach the girls. Monday morning a man who lives near, and has as many as fifty children, came to me and wanted to know what all this meant; his girls learned nothing yesterday. I said I had been requested not to teach the girls. 'Well,' he replied, 'my girls are mine, and *I* want them taught, and if they become Christians, so much the better, and I shall be very angry if my children are not *all* taught.' So we teach his girls.

"The people of course cannot sing hymns, but we sing and they make a noise which sounds much like the buzzing of wasps or bees, and they think they sing. They are very anxious to sing hymns and tell their children to *listen hard*, so as to learn to sing well.

"A few weeks ago a boy came from a kraal far off and learned the first ten letters of the alphabet. He went home and the next week brought some of his brothers and sisters, and lo! they also knew the first ten letters. They said he had taught them, and they learned the rest of the letters, one telling the other, until we wonder very much to see how fast some of them learn to read. We are astonished also to see how they understand the words preached to them. Some of them can repeat most of a sermon and seem to understand well.

"It makes me wonder very much that people should be so quick to hear of God and Christ. I really feel as if there never were people so ready for the Gospel and interested in it as these people. Such a short time ago they were afraid of the sight of a book, and not one would have listened to a word about God, or of being Christians, and now they are more than willing. It seems indeed the work of God himself."

Hlonono seems well fitted for the work which he has undertaken, and to which he has given his heart. He is not more than thirty years old, but reads and writes Zulu and English, and is well advanced in Arithmetic. His sermons are very good.

You see we black people send our best offerings to teach; we don't say, "anybody is good enough for a missionary;" so our best preacher, a man whom all respect, our best singer except one, and our main reliance, was sent away to this wild place.

He left his business and work when he was growing rich and went for a small salary to live among the heathen, and as he and his wife were brought up on a station (her father was a Christian), it is a real sacrifice going away from their home and all their comforts and privileges. He will miss his music and many things which he enjoys here. I mention this, because I dare say many will think it is nothing for a Zulu to be a missionary to his own people.

They say at first they are so lonely, away from all Christian intercourse and companionship, until their people begin to be Christians; and they don't like heathen life and ways any better than we do. But they go cheerfully and heartily to their work.

APPEAL TO THE CHURCH.

UMVOTI, January 3, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The sun has been shining with its summer heat these last few weeks, and we have not felt the strength which we really need to do all the teaching and work here around us.

There is a great deal of cant in the world, and in books and newspapers and preaching, and we often hear of missionaries as "bearing the burden and heat of the day;" but I am not going to write cant, nor yet to talk as if writing; I only want to speak as if we were talking, and tell you what is in my heart.

Well, the weather has been hot, and it is hard to be cheerful and hopeful, and to work with energy at such times. Then I was thinking by way of cheering myself, that the next day (it was Thursday) would bring home letters and papers, "good news from home." Expecting this seemed to make my heart lighter, and my feet too. Thursday came, and opening the *Observer* I saw an account of the meeting of the American Board at Pittsfield. That seemed to make another bright side to my heart as I began to read it, and I thought we should hear of plenty of money, and still better, plenty of men to help in these days, when every field is so much under-supplied with men. We need men here; could find work for many more; and if other places are supplied as we are, I am sorry for the heathen and the missionaries.

I read hopefully on until it comes to the record of a sad part of the meeting: there were no men offer-

ing themselves to go abroad. There I stopped. I looked to see if the words were really there; I looked at the hills around me where the heathen dwelt; I looked at the sun and sky and thought how tired we all were, and for one little moment I thought if this be true in America, where they are so surrounded by comforts to soul and body, it would be well for us if we could just go to sleep and wake up in heaven.

Just a moment this feeling lasted, and then I was grieved at the selfishness of such a thought. But I put down the *Observer*, and went into my room, and there was a long and bitter struggle, which God only knows, before I could say, "If God permits this, it *must* be well."

It was easy to see His hand in the disappointments of our life here; it was easy to see it and say, "It is well," when He called to his holy heaven those whom we loved. It was easy to feel it was well even when the heart was crying out in loneliness for them, for their journey was heavenward; but do you wonder if my heart long refused to say, "it is well," as I saw the road not heavenward, in which were walking those whom I loved, and who were calling for some one to show them the road to heaven; it was hard to say, "it is well," when I saw there was no reason why there were not scores ready to show these that heavenly road, no reason which Jesus Christ would call a reason.

But I was able after that great struggle, to see God's great love to those poor people, and to ask him to forgive those who *thought* they had a reason

to give their Saviour. But I did not want to read the papers, and when in my letters I read the same words, I did not want to finish them, lest those weary, bitter thoughts should return again.

I do not want to talk strongly, nor must you say I am romantic or fanatical. Both these traits soon pass away amid the reality of such a life as ours. Romance may last a month, fanaticism a week, but no longer. But there grows in one's heart a feeling stronger than either, like that which made Paul say, "Neither count I my life dear unto me."

But I do not write a sermon or a lecture, I only want to tell you and to ask you. You say, "ask what?"

That evening I went into the school-room where some young men were taking out their books. As I spoke to them, they said, "Did you hear from America, to day?—did you have good news? Are there missionaries coming here and going to other poor people in darkness?" Then my heart cried out again, and seemed to say, "Why do they ask that question to-day, of all days?" But I did not speak this, I only said "no." They asked me why, but I passed on as if I did not hear, for what *could* I answer?

Tell me this, and ask your friends what to say to plead their reason to this people.

I passed them and began setting copies in some writing books. Two or three seemed so astonished they dropped into silence and looked at each other; but two, one a young man just from heathenism, and the other, one who for some time had been a Christian, did not rest thus. One spoke to the other, but

the words went into my heart and into my head, and as if printed on paper they are not to be forgotten.

"I sometimes think," said he, "when I look around, that God must have made heaven for white people, or perhaps I cannot say that, for he is *our* Father I know, but if he made heaven for all, the white people wish themselves only to go there, and if I were learned and wise, and not a poor ignorant black person, it would seem to me that our forefathers in God's mercy would be saved. The ones whom God would punish would be those who had light but never gave it. My father died; he did not know God; *how was he to know?* how could he believe if no one was sent? and yet over the ocean, they say for hundreds of years they have known of God, and have been at their death going to him in heaven. If they knew these things, why were our forefathers left to die in darkness? Oh no, no, I do not say it with a wicked heart, but it surely is not they who are to be cast aside for what they did not know, while others who knew, and kept the light from them are to enjoy heaven eternally."

The other answered, "These thoughts, such as you speak, come into my heart very often. I do see that if we hear and do not love God, it is just and well that we be punished. But *all* in the lands over the ocean know of God, and perhaps all may be saved at their death, if they repent. Those in this land who have not heard, how can they repent unless they hear? and how can they hear unless more are sent to tell them? I hear America is full of Christians, and I wonder often why they do not come here, and

I cannot find any reason in my heart, unless it be that they choose to keep heaven for themselves and do not wish us to go there. It must be so.

"They say they pray for us. So I could pray for my father, but if I did not go to him and tell him, I should be like a man with a wagon full of food, saying to a hungry man, 'I hope you will find food somewhere,' and refusing to give him a morsel. No, no, it must be they do not want us to go to heaven, for if they wanted us to go, they would surely come and tell us. The white man's heart is a strange heart, and if they are Christians, I wonder what they say to themselves to quiet their consciences, when they know how our people are dying in darkness."

This is the conversation, and when it ended they came and asked me why people in America were unwilling to have the heathen go to heaven. I said, "They are not unwilling." "Why, then," they asked, "did our fathers die in darkness? Why are so many dying now in darkness? What are their prayers and money? Why don't they come themselves? If our black people saw a man who was going to be drowned in a river, we would go ourselves and tell him his danger. We would not kneel down and pray for him, we would not pull out pay and say, 'if somebody can be found to go, we will give him this.' What kind of hearts have they, those Christians in America?"

I told them I could not answer them, for I was unable to do so, but I write now to you, and as you see others, please ask them to tell me what to say the next time I am asked such questions. I am not writ-

ing a newspaper article, I am in earnest, and I want some one to answer the many such questions, for as God is my witness, I do not know what to answer. I am speechless."

APPEAL TO STUDENTS.

JUNE, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Far off in this out-of-the-way part of the world I have been reading in a paper from home the appeal for more missionaries, and if I could be two persons instead of one, I should send one-half, or, perhaps, I should say, *go one-half*, with the greatest possible speed to America. I believe if I could see some of those young people who are so in need of rousing up, and so little inclined to be roused, I could speak words to them which would move them. As it is, I cannot go, for even the half of me would count now, our number is so small.

Therefore I take a pen; poor, miserable substitute, especially when it is used to write words which come from a head and body quite tired out. The heart, I am happy to say, is warm; but alas, for us poor mortals! The body affects the head or mind, and I cannot find a time when I am really rested so as to write with the might and earnestness I desire.

But what I can say I will say to you, and through you to the others. I can just see them now!

My dear friends, I know how your time is all filled up; that you have your studies, your Sabbath-schools, your prayer meetings and missionary meetings. And when the subject of missions is spoken of, every one,

perhaps, or it may be only a part of you, look into your hearts, and either you see a particular reason why you cannot go, or else you are waiting for an "inward call."

I can give you an outward call, and I would to God I had the power to give you an inward call as well. I do not believe in the word; I believe it is made to be a sort of excuse by those who can find no other. If people have fathers or mothers, farms or merchandise to plead as a reason, it answers their purpose, and those who have not these have found an expression, now become a common phrase, "an inward call."

No, we do not wait for an inward call for anything we like to do! I need say no more of this; but I fear me much it will be a poor excuse in the presence of God at last.

I wish we had a new word for "missionaries" and "missions," something that would attract people's attention, something which they had not talked of and harped upon in a humdrum way for years.

Missionary does not mean sickness nor death, as some suppose, nor does it mean starvation and bodily suffering, as others think. It does not mean angels, for they are just mortal beings, very mortal some of them, although I believe some people in America think missionaries must be angels! It does not mean, to grown people, give every penny you can spare; and to children, go without your cake and your new hat and give your money. People mix in all these with the word *missionary*, and therefore I want a new word.

If I say we want a missionary, I do not mean a person to die or to fall ill, or to suffer from hunger or heat or cold. I do not mean we want an angel or a perfect man, nor would we rob any of the things they do not want to give up. We want some men; true, living men; good, pleasant, cheerful men; full of fun, if you please, it will help them, this same fun! We want men; if they know a good deal, so far well; if they can sing, so much the better; if they are refined, well-educated, yes, learned, it will all come in use and be so much the better.

There, I have told you what we want; now as to the reason why.

Not a week passes but I see people, or hear of them, asking, calling, begging for some one to teach them. It is very easy to moralize on the other side of the ocean and consider pros and cons; but it is hard, fearfully hard, to see a man begging for teaching which may save his soul, begging for it for himself and his people; it is hard to say, No; as it were to say, "Go and die all of you, there is no mansion in heaven for you, or, at least, no one who is willing to tell you the way there." They think white people are selfish, and I think it is true! We *must* be a selfish race or surely so many thousands would not call and be refused.

Last week I heard of two African chiefs—this very moment I know of six African chiefs, some important chiefs, some less so, who wish their people to be taught and cannot find any one willing to teach them.

I do not stop to argue the question of "enough

to do at home." To be sure there is, who ever disputed that? But there are enough for home and also for us. Besides, you know how may congregations are composed of a few people who have heard of Christ from their infancy; do they call you more loudly than the thousands around these chiefs who know no way to heaven, no Saviour?

I am not a person of "one idea;" missionaries are supposed to be so, but many are not, and I am not for one. I know all about America, from its wealthiest churches in cities down to the city's lowest dens of misery. I know the pretty country villages and their Sabbaths. I have seen the Western country and its needs, and the slaves and heathenism of the South. I knew all these *well*; I pray for them when I pray. You cannot say I am a person of one idea. I have taught in all these places, and have, with the help of the Father who is over all, left in them those whom I led to a Saviour; but I never for a moment regretted leaving them, *never.*

My letter is growing too long, but I want to tell you a story and then I will stop. When I was traveling a short time ago, I met a native man, and seeing he was a Christian, I inquired his history. It seemed he was a great man, and had in his home great riches and much power. He heard the preaching of some one, I have forgotten whom, and became a Christian. After he learned to read his Bible he said he saw the words, "Son of man I have set thee a watchman. If I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, nor

speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand."

This made him see that he could not settle down quietly and leave his people untaught. His friends surrounded him, urged, begged and even tried to force him to remain at home. He said "No" to all, and went his way. He forfeited his power, his wealth, his joys and home, and taking his Bible he went forth. When asked if he carried no gun, he said "Yes, and it has two barrels. My gun is my Bible, with the Old and New Testaments."

You may smile at his sacrifice and say it is nothing compared to what one gives up who leaves America. Say so, if you choose. In my mind he gave up more than any of us did or could. He went far and wide, and hundreds believed through his teachings; and he is traveling still and teaching still, eating such food as is given him, and forgetting all things in his love for God and his fellow-men.

Are you and your friends behind this poor, ignorant African? Cannot the text that gave him such zeal stir you up? or must it be that he and such as he are to shine in the kingdom of heaven, while Christians from the land of light, America, if they enter heaven at all, will be saved so as by fire, and be tried by the God who has said, "IF YE SPEAK NOT TO WARN THE WICKED, AND HE DIE IN HIS SINS, HIS BLOOD WILL I REQUIRE AT YOUR HAND."

SO MUCH TO DO AT HOME.

The writer of these lines lays no claim to poetic talent. They are but the strong cry of one who writes from a full heart.

SO MUCH TO DO AT HOME.

In the burning heat of an African sun,
One sultry summer day,
I wearily walked at the hour of noon,
Almost wishing my work were done,
Till I thought of the love of God's own Son
When He left His Heavenly Home.

The sun was hot—but what mattered that?
There was work which *must* be done;
There were dying men to be visited,
And those who were mourning their buried dead,
Others whose hearts I could make glad
If I told of a Heavenly Home.

The sun was hot—but what mattered that?
Souls were waiting for words of life,
Those who were longing to learn of Heaven,
Those for whom Jesus His life had given.
I forgot all else. I had not even
The time to think of Home.

Time—when in the early morning light
The entreaty rang, "O come,
Teach us of Christ,"—and late at night
The old, the young, were in my sight,
Multitudes asking for Gospel light;
Was there time to think of *Home?*

That day passed by like every day,
With its heat and weariness.
Oh, we know how to ask for strength by the way!
Strength from the Lord but for one day—
"Give us strength, O Lord we pray,
Until Thou shalt take us Home."

On that day, from a region wild and lone,
An African chief had come;
There the word of life had never gone,
And he prayed that we would send him one
To tell them of Christ, but there was none
To go to that heathen home.

My frame was weary, and deep my sleep
When the hour of rest came on;
I slept, but I only slept to weep,
To suffer anguish great and deep,
Like those who their watch with the dying keep;
And, sleeping, I dreamed of Home.

I dreamed that I stood on a distant hill,
And hundreds were thronging around,
Calling for teachers, calling until
They besought with tears, and urging still,
Both chiefs and people. They said, "You will
Go for us to your distant Home.

"In your happy country joy and light
To all the people come:
They know no darkness of heathen night;

Many might come to bring us light,
Many to teach us of good and right."
And, dreaming, I hastened Home.

The pain and weariness passed away,
When I reached a Christian land;
I could not rest, I could not stay,
I cared not how far my journey lay;
I *must* find help, and, without delay
Go back to my African home.

I stood in a temple large and wide,
Filled with the wise and good;
I told of our country beyond the tide,
Told of the heathen on every side,
How they gathered to us from far and wide;
I told of this at Home—

In that Christian land, and to Christian men
Who professed to love the Lord
Who died for them!—even God's dear Son—
Yet not only for them, but for heathem men;
Their answer was, "It is true, but then
There's enough to do at Home!"

Next I stood, where assembled only were
God's ministers, great and wise;
I told of these voices that called from afar,
Of our strength worn out in our daily care,
And entreated, "Oh, come to our help—come there!"
But they answered calmly, without a tear,
"There's enough to do at Home."

Sharp agony then convulsed my frame
As I thought of going alone
To tell the heathen, for whom I came,
They must die, not knowing of Jesus' name,
For Christians could not see *their* claim,
With "so much to do at Home!"

Then I passed through that country near and far,
Its cities, and villages green;
I appealed to strong men, to maidens fair,
To the young, to the old with whitened hair—
"O send!" "O come!" But all said, "Not there;
There's enough to do at Home."

"We give our money, and some there are
Who perchance might go away;
But what are you doing? How came you here?
There is work in our land both far and near;
'Tis not that we care not, not that we fear,
But—there's so much to do at Home."

Deep sorrow then my soul o'erthrew
As I waked from that awful dream—
Waked, O so sadly—for well I knew
That though but a dream, alas! 'tis true,
That none will come; *all* say, not the few,
"There's enough to do at Home."

O say, can you wonder, in that far land,
At the words of those heathen men
With which my heart is daily pained?

At the stigma with which your names are stained?
They say your are "selfish," and can they be
blamed,
Though "there's much to do at Home?"

They say, "In the home beyond the sea
The hearts must be hard and cold,
For they give us no light; how else can it be?
They enter Heaven—but, oh! not we
Who are here! *We* never that land shall see;
Only *they* have a Heavenly Home."

Thus they long for the truth and beg for light
In that heathen land who roam;
They have heard, mayhap, of a Heaven bright,
But say you have closed the door so tight
You have doomed them to darkness and endless
night,
Because of *the work at Home.*

And, oh! when they in God's presence stand
With you, at that great day,
When every nation of every land
To judgment is called away,
Say, say, can you stand in God's presence then,
And remember that cry, "O come,
We are dying—we know no Saviour's name!"
Can you plead the excuse, will it not be vain?
Will it weigh with God, though it did with men?
"*There's enough to do at Home.*"

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